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FREE IN
ISSUE 12
Spooky
Pop-up



Next week in

THE SPINECHILLER
Collection

SUPER SCARY STORY
Nature's Way

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Southern Africa
The Morgue the Merrier

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Cottingley Fairies

CLASSIC SERIAL
Squire Toby's Will:
Chapter 3

PUZZLES
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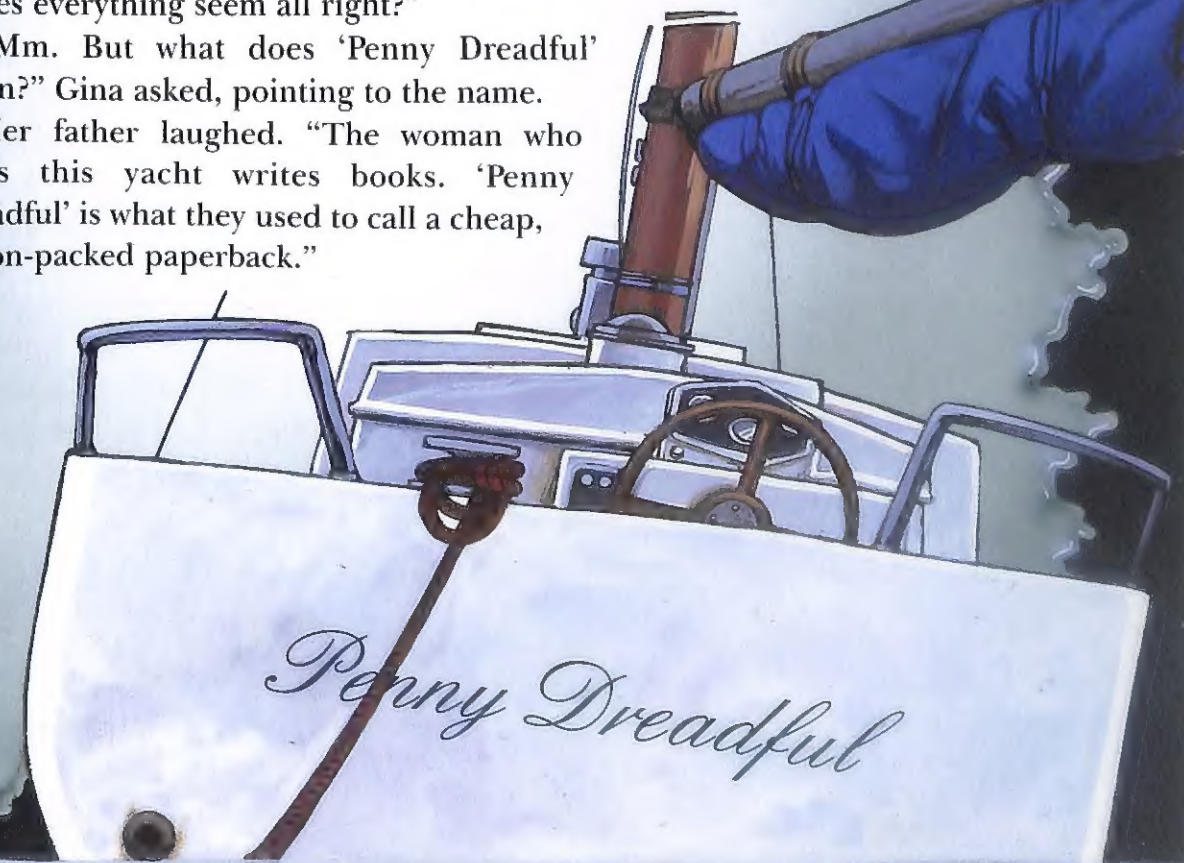
Gina's father pointed to a yacht at the end of the dock.
"That's the one," he said. "Home sweet home for the
next four weeks." Gina ran down the wooden dock
for her first look at the boat her father had rented for
their holiday. He had just finished a project that had
kept him occupied for seven months. To celebrate, he had
rented this yacht from a client.

Carefully, Gina inspected the outside of the boat. If she was
going to spend four weeks on board, she wanted to be sure it had
no cracks or holes. The yacht was just over 12 metres long and
had two masts. It was painted a blinding white, and had polished
chrome rails along both sides of its deck. Along the back, Gina
read the boat's name, *Penny Dreadful*.

"Well, Gina?" asked her mother as they caught up with her.
"Does everything seem all right?"

"Mm. But what does 'Penny Dreadful'
mean?" Gina asked, pointing to the name.

Her father laughed. "The woman who
owns this yacht writes books. 'Penny
Dreadful' is what they used to call a cheap,
action-packed paperback."



"It's a strange name for a boat," Gina commented.

"But it looks all right from the outside.

What's it like inside?"

"There's only one way to find out, my girl," said her dad, pointing to the doorway that led into the cabin.

Inside, it was much nicer than Gina had expected. There was a large living room and combined kitchen filled with every imaginable appliance. Further on there were two bedrooms. The first was large, with a double bed. Beyond that was a smaller one in the front of the hull. All of the furniture was modern, and the beds seemed comfortable.

Gina nodded approvingly and went on deck to give her dad the OK. Then she helped her parents unload the food and supplies they had packed for the trip.

Finally, they were ready to cast off. Gina could hardly contain her excitement as her father untied the ropes that held the yacht to the dock. Then, with one strong push from her father, *Penny Dreadful* floated out into the marina. With Gina and her parents shouting orders and pretending they were pirates, the three slid smoothly out to sea.



Gina's dad and mum planned to sail slowly among the islands that dotted the waters. They had no goal in mind and were free to stay as long as they wanted on any island.

Their first landing was on a small mountainous island covered with lush, tropical



greenery that was poking up above the blue water. As they drew closer, however, Gina could see long curves of shining white sand just waiting for her to lay a towel on. Her father dropped anchor in a small bay, then rowed Gina and her mother ashore, where they all sunbathed for a few hours. But the island was totally deserted and the family found it a bit boring. They decided to spend only a day there, lazing in the sun and exploring the dense jungle.

The holiday became a series of minor variations on that first island stopover, except that some of the islands had people living on them. If it hadn't been for a friendly old man on another yacht moored next to them on one island, Gina would have grown tired of the same old routine. But the old man was full of real-life pirate tales that captivated her for hours.

The man's name was Craig and his brown, leathery skin had millions of tiny wrinkles. He looked as if he'd spent his entire life baking in the sun.

He confirmed Gina's suspicions when he answered a question her father had asked. "Aye. I've been sailing these waters for well on forty-five years now."

"Forty-five years," Gina repeated in wonder. "Wow! You must have seen every island... everywhere."

Craig shrugged. "Well, I've seen a good few of 'em, I guess."

"We're on an island-hopping tour," said Gina's father. "Is there any advice you can give us?"

The old sailor thought for a moment, then nodded. "Aye. Things sometimes get a little rough yonder round the Leeward Isles. There's a gang of pirates that's been causing a lot of trouble out there."

"Pirates?" Gina's mum asked doubtfully. "In this day and age?"

"Aye," Craig answered firmly. "Some things never change, except the boats they sail and the weapons they use."

"Is it dangerous?" asked Gina's dad.

"It can be. But if you stay well away from the Leewards, you shouldn't have any problem. You have maps, right?"

When Gina's dad answered that they did, Craig offered to point out the areas that he'd been talking about. The two men vanished below deck and were gone for over an hour.

"I hope Craig will be able to show dad some exciting places for us to explore," Gina mumbled to her mother. "I'm getting tired of wandering around from one empty island to another with nothing to do but sunbathe all day."



The family stayed on the small island for two days. Gina spent a lot of that time listening to Craig's incredible stories about pirates, fantastic creatures, glorious sea battles and mysterious ghost ships. The

old man seemed to have an endless supply of tales to tell.

Gina's favourite was about the *Azrael*, the ghost of an old slave ship. It had been carrying a cargo of children when a fierce storm blew up. The captain, greedy to get his cargo of children to port so that he could sell them, tried to sail through the storm. But the storm swiftly grew into a hurricane and the ship sank, drowning the crew and the children chained below deck.

"And ever since then," Craig said in a low voice, "the *Azrael* has sailed these waters, trying to reach port. The captain is said to be still searching for more children to add to his grisly cargo."

Gina shuddered, then scampered off to write down the story. She

wanted to tell it to her friends when she got back home.

When they left the island,

Gina's father

took care to steer a

course well clear of the Leeward

Isles. Instead, he pointed the *Penny*

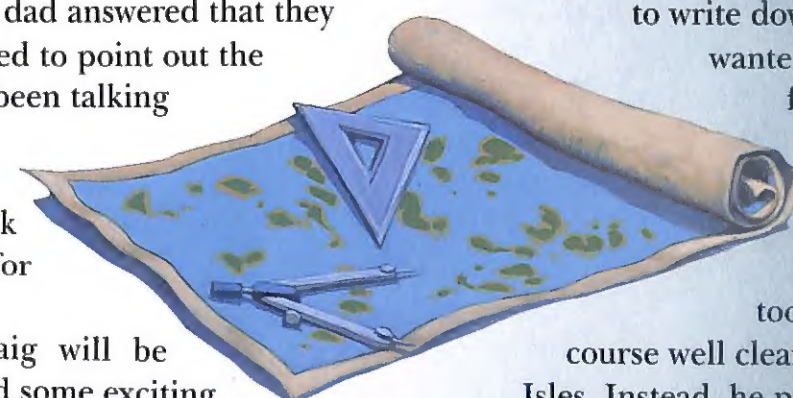
Dreadful towards a distant cluster of dots on the map called the Hundred Atolls.

"I'm fairly sure we won't run into pirates there," he said, adding with a grin, "if there really are any."

But when they were less than two days away from the Hundred Atolls, something odd happened. They noticed a small speck – probably a boat – on the horizon behind them, which appeared to be following them.

"It could be one of the boats we met on that last island," Gina suggested out loud when she first saw the distant vessel.

"Well, whatever it is, we'll know for sure in a couple of days," her father said.





"The Hundred Atolls are the only islands in this direction. We'll probably see the boat when it arrives there."

But by the end of that day, as the setting sun turned the sky and sea gold, the other boat had drawn closer. It was almost as if it were chasing them. Now, instead of a black speck, Gina could make out the white sails of a large ship.

Gina saw her parents having a lively discussion and moved closer to try to hear what they were talking about.

"I know," her father was saying, "but the fact that they're gaining on us means they must have an engine."

"But that could be for any number of reasons," her mother answered. "It doesn't mean they're pirates."

"True. But after all Craig's stories, I'm suspicious of any boat that has its sails up and its engine running. Especially when it's coming in our direction!"

Gina held her breath and strained to hear every word. "Pirates!" she thought, feeling excitement running through her.

"Look," her father continued, "all I'm

saying is that it won't hurt us to lose a night's sleep. We'll put up full sail and keep an eye on that ship. That should put us ahead of it. Or at least keep us even."

"All right," her mother agreed. "That makes sense."

True to her father's plan, they put up all the sails they had, making the yacht almost leap across the tops of the waves. Gina kept her parents company as long as she could, but eventually made her way to her bunk.



The next morning Gina was up with the sun. When she went on deck, she noticed that her mum and dad were looking more grim than they had the night before. Gina could immediately see why.

The ship behind them had drawn even closer. Now it was clear that it was a truly gigantic sailing ship.

"Is it really pirates?" Gina asked her parents after staring at the pursuing ship.

"Well, Gina. I just don't know," her father answered. "But whoever they are, they're in quite a hurry."

"Maybe we should start up our engine," Gina's mother suggested.

Gina's father nodded and went below. Then, after a few moments, the powerful engines coughed into life with a reassuring rumble. Instantly, the *Penny Dreadful* surged forwards and began pulling away from the mysterious ship.

The morning passed in tense silence. It seemed to Gina that the ship behind them had taken over her parents' thoughts. They replied vaguely to anything she said, and their eyes kept returning to the black ship behind them. It was her parents' obvious worry that was most frightening to Gina. Her mind kept conjuring up terrifying pictures of men swarming on to the yacht and murdering her mum and dad in front of her eyes.

But even though the *Penny Dreadful* was going as fast as it could, the distance between the two ships grew less.

"How can they be moving so fast?" Gina's father snapped. Muttering curses, he stormed down below to try to squeeze more power out of the engine, and her mother followed.

The mystery ship was now close enough for Gina to observe that it was a huge wooden vessel – at least four times the length of their yacht – with five billowing sails. Something about the sails seemed strange to her, but she couldn't work out what. But her father could.

"The sails..." He groped for words. "Look at the sails on that ship... They're all pointing the *wrong way*!"

Suddenly Gina understood. She looked up at the sails of their own boat. The wind was pushing from the left, blowing the sails out and over the other side of the boat. But the sails of the black ship stood straight out from the masts, as if the wind was coming from directly behind.

Gina knew this was impossible, and her heart seemed to freeze as a horrible thought exploded in her mind. The *Azrael*, she thought in terror. It's coming for me!

She turned to her father, fear stretching her face into a mask of wild eyes and wide open mouth.

"We've got to go faster, Dad," she urged. "Craig told me all about that ship – it's a ghost ship that sails the seas looking for children to sell as slaves!"

Gina's father looked at her strangely.

She could tell he thought she was so scared she was talking nonsense. He

rested a hand gently on her head. "We'll be OK, Gina," he promised.

"We should have the first of the Atolls in sight by late this afternoon. I don't think whoever's on that ship will try anything when we're that close to land."

"But please try to go faster," Gina urged.

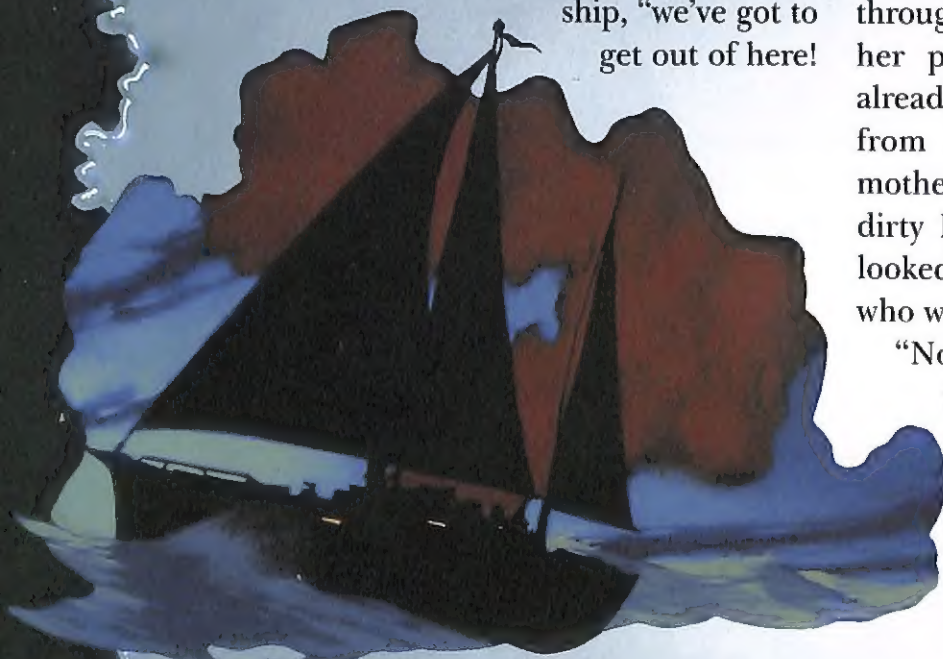
Seeing his daughter's tremendous fear, her father nodded and went back below to talk things over with her mother.

Gina glanced back at the horrible black ship. She watched in terror as it drew closer. Now the sails looked tattered and



lightning seemed to flicker around the masts. The dark wood of the hull was black with slime, like something dragged up from the sea bed. And the huge bow made not a single wave as it pushed closer. It was as if the ancient vessel was not sailing in the blue-green water but floating above it.

Gina heard a gasp at her side and turned to see her mother standing with one hand over her mouth. "Mum," Gina sobbed, pointing to the ghostly ship, "we've got to get out of here!"



"Can't we go any faster?"

Without answering, her mother turned and went back down to the engine room.

Gina remained motionless at the rail, as if hypnotised. In horror, she watched the diseased figures of the ship's crew and stared at their clothing, which was torn so badly that it showed glimpses of their pale skin. Suddenly, every one of them snapped to attention. Gazing down at them from the highest deck was a grinning skeleton, its bony arms folded across its chest.

Even worse was the huddled group of children standing at the front of the ship. Although dressed in many different styles

of clothing, they all wore neck collars that were linked by a heavy iron chain.

"No..." Gina mumbled, "not me. I'm not going to become one of them."

Just then, a massive explosion slammed her to the deck, as black smoke poured out of the open hatch that led below.

"They're attacking!" Gina screamed as the yacht lurched to one side, then began to tilt backwards.

She fought her way up the deck to peer through the smoke into the cabin where her parents had been. The room was already filling with sea water bubbling up from below. Horrified, Gina saw her mother floating face downwards in the dirty liquid. "Mum!" she screamed, then looked frantically round for her father, who was nowhere to be seen.

"No!" Gina screamed, throwing herself into the water at her mother's side. She rolled the body over and saw, beyond any doubt, that her mother was no longer alive. Then, between panic-stricken sobs, Gina started yelling for her father.



Suddenly, the *Penny Dreadful* lurched, throwing the dead body of her father overboard. Gina screamed as the boat sank deeper into the waves. Now the salt water was beginning to wash over the deck railing and trickle down the steps. Choking on her tears, Gina waded to the steps and climbed on to the deck. Then she flung herself into the water as the yacht, and the bodies of both her parents, finally sank.

As Gina paddled round in a series of

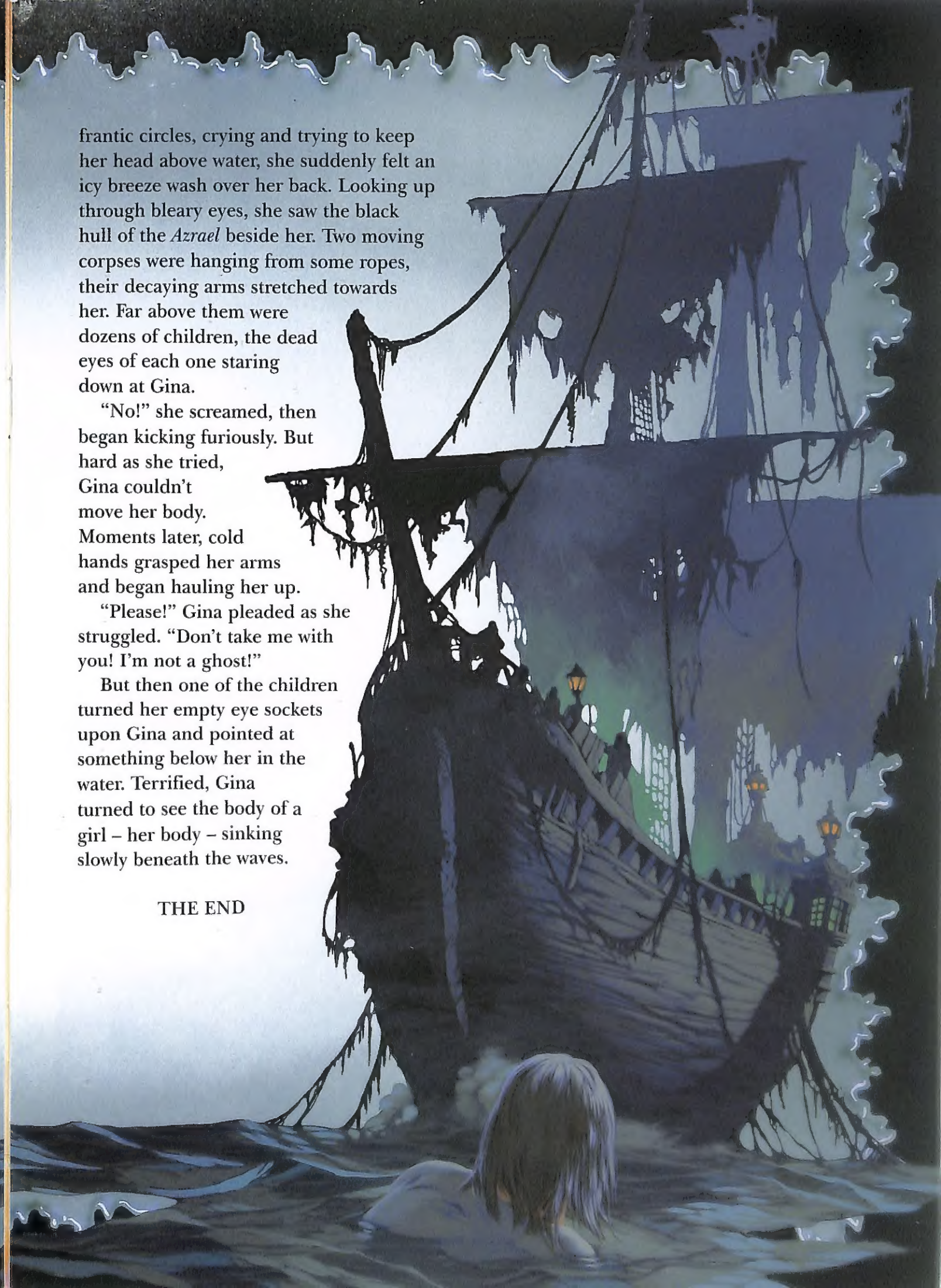
frantic circles, crying and trying to keep her head above water, she suddenly felt an icy breeze wash over her back. Looking up through bleary eyes, she saw the black hull of the *Azrael* beside her. Two moving corpses were hanging from some ropes, their decaying arms stretched towards her. Far above them were dozens of children, the dead eyes of each one staring down at Gina.

"No!" she screamed, then began kicking furiously. But hard as she tried, Gina couldn't move her body. Moments later, cold hands grasped her arms and began hauling her up.

"Please!" Gina pleaded as she struggled. "Don't take me with you! I'm not a ghost!"

But then one of the children turned her empty eye sockets upon Gina and pointed at something below her in the water. Terrified, Gina turned to see the body of a girl – her body – sinking slowly beneath the waves.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Explore extraordinary powers and ghostly goings on in southern India.



CHARMING SNAKES

An Indian plays a pipe and out of a basket sways a deadly cobra snake, which appears completely hypnotised. How does the charmer do that?

Popular belief was that the snake was mesmerised by the music of the pipe. However, snakes have very little hearing, and it is the movement of the charmer's body and pipe that fixates the deadly creatures. The charmer may also rhythmically tap his foot, or the side of the snake basket which also works to stupefy the snake.



UP, UP AND AWAY...

This picture was taken in 1936 in southern India and shows Yogi Subbaya Pullavar demonstrating an amazing feat of levitation – the ability to float free of the ground. The photograph proves that the audience had not been hypnotised to believe they were seeing something that was not really happening, and the photographer also checked that there were no hidden wires holding the man up. Pullavar claimed that by using yoga his mind could make his body perform amazing feats.



HORROR ISLAND

A crumbling colonial house is all that remains on a river island near Madras in India. After dark, no one ventures on to the island for fear of ghosts.

In the late 1800s, the house was owned by an Englishman and his wife. The husband often went away on business. One day he returned to find his wife in the arms of another man and, in a rage, he murdered the couple. He was never convicted of the crime however, because no bodies were ever found. It is said, he bricked the pair into the walls of his house and continued to live there until he died of old age. Today, the ghosts of the victims roam the island seeking justice for their deaths.



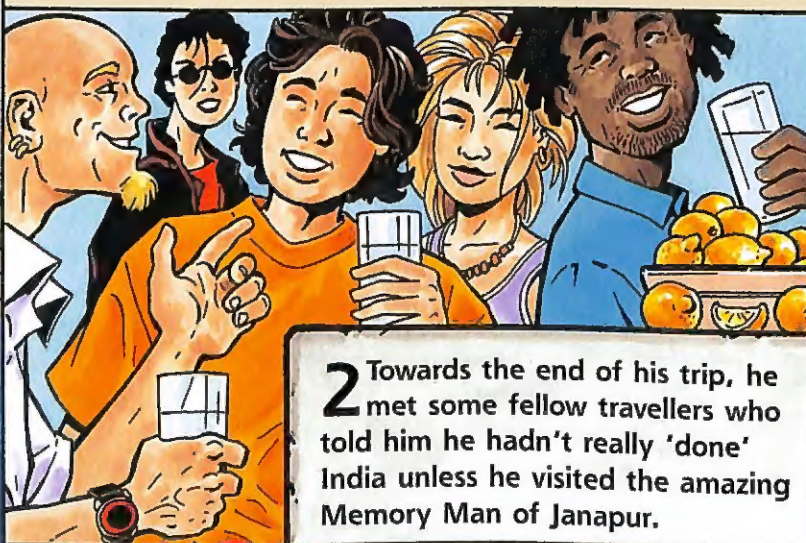
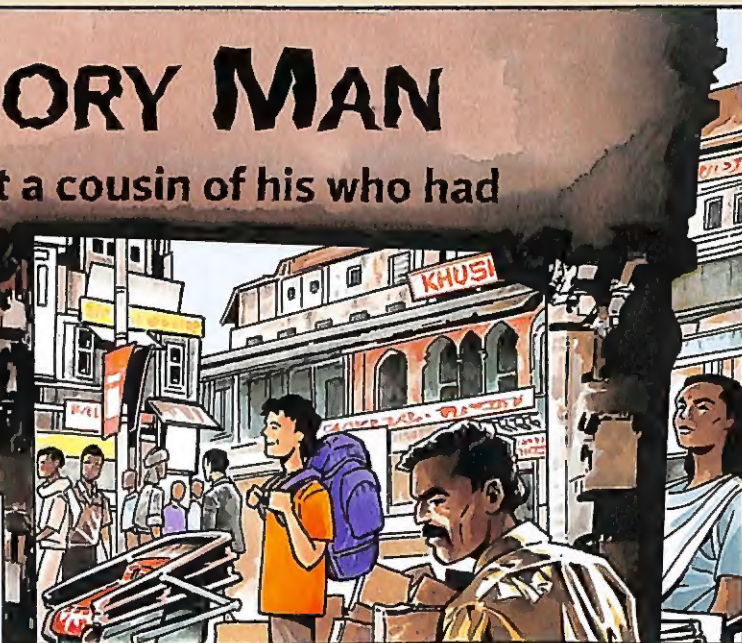
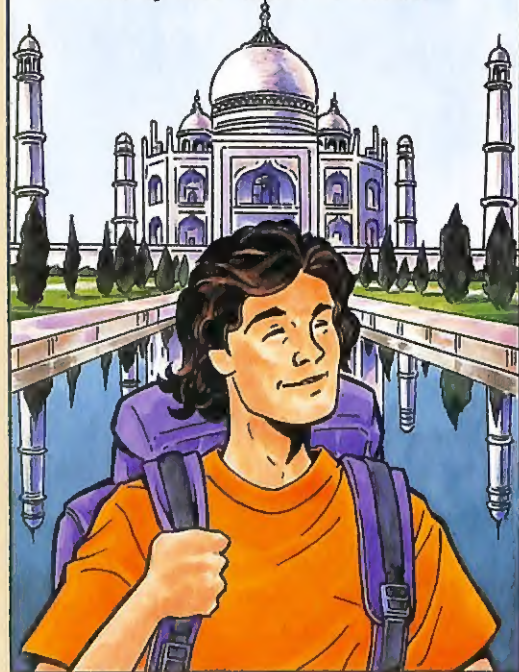
TUSK TALES

Villagers in India set fire to a hedge to drive away a herd of elephants eating their crops. The elephants sucked water from a nearby stream, put out the fire and continued their feast!

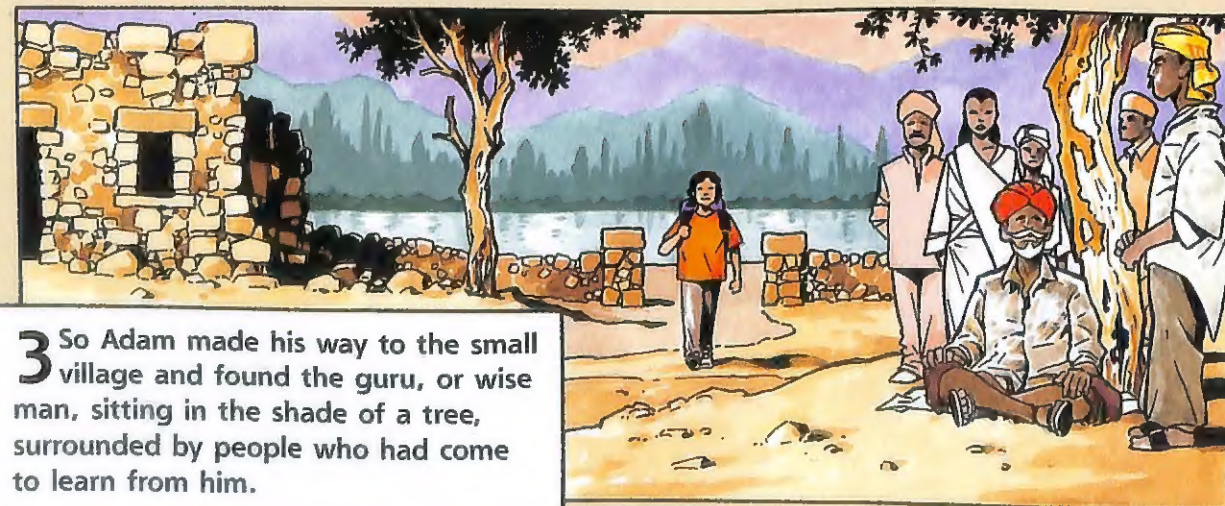
THE MEMORY MAN

A friend told me about a cousin of his who had travelled round India

1 My friend's cousin Adam took a year off between school and University and went to India.



2 Towards the end of his trip, he met some fellow travellers who told him he hadn't really 'done' India unless he visited the amazing Memory Man of Janapur.



3 So Adam made his way to the small village and found the guru, or wise man, sitting in the shade of a tree, surrounded by people who had come to learn from him.

4 The head of the village told Adam what to ask the old man: "What did you have for breakfast on this day 25 years ago?"



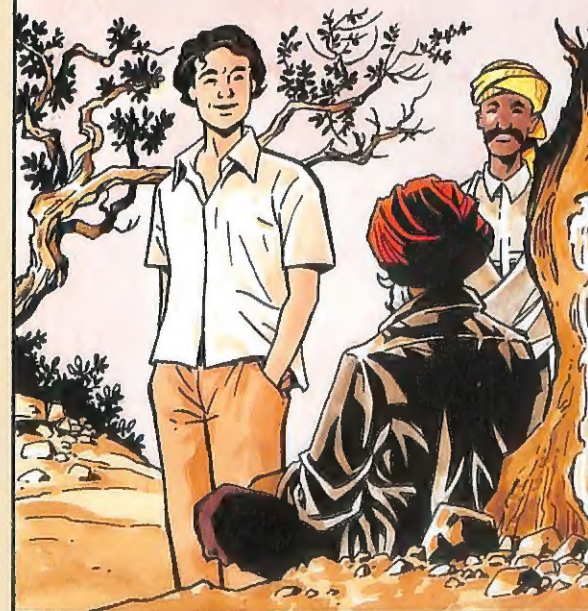
5 When the guru replied: "Two eggs", Adam was not impressed! This was a hard fact to prove or disprove for that matter!



6 Adam loved India so much that five years later he decided to return. Finding himself in the right part of the country, he took a trip to visit the Memory Man again.



7 Adam was determined to catch him out this time. He found the guru sitting under the same tree and, with a smug look, Adam simply asked: "How?"



8 To Adam's complete shock the guru gave him an inscrutable smile and replied: "Scrambled!"



THE BELL WITCH

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

John Bell and his wife Luce owned a large cotton plantation in the American South. The couple had nine children, among them a daughter called Betsy. The family were Christians, who went to church regularly. But for four years, they were tormented by a violent ghost known as the Bell Witch.

The family's ordeal began in 1817. First they noticed tapping noises outside their house. Then they heard more sinister sounds inside, including people apparently choking. After a year, the ghost began to attack its victims, dragging the children out of bed and pulling their hair. The Bells asked a neighbour, James Johnson, to exorcise the spirit. After the ceremony, peace returned. But then the ghost began to whistle, whisper and scream abuse. It warned Betsy against her engagement to local man Joshua Gardner, until she returned his ring. But it directed its most savage behaviour against her father, John.

Special Investigation File: 11

Subject: A four-year haunting that ended in a mysterious murder
Place: Tennessee, USA

SpineChiller creates a file



Evidence no: 11/1
A typical plantation house similar to that of the Bells

Evidence no: 11/2
Artist's impression of Betsy being pulled from her bed

January 1821

Plantation poisoning

Local farmer John Bell died in his bed on 20th December last, following a four-year reign of terror by an invisible spirit calling itself 'the Witch'.

On the eve of this mysterious death, John's eldest son went into his father's room and found him in a coma. Rushing to the cupboard for medicine, he found not

the usual bottle but a flask of murky liquid. It is claimed that the Witch cried: "I've got him this time. He will never get up from bed again."

The murky medicine was tested on the family cat, which died. At John Bell's funeral the ghoulish spirit was heard singing a rude song.

Evidence no: 11/3
The cat that was used to test the medicine



Unexplained

My dear Matilda,

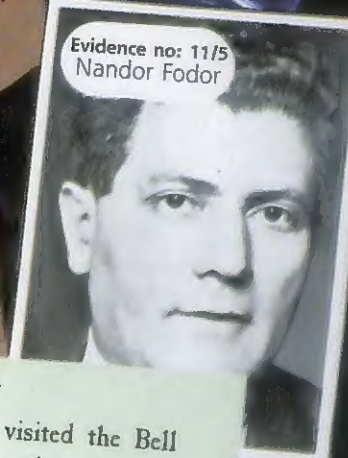
The Bell family continues to suffer most terribly. Although we have prayed for them continually, 'the Witch' still haunts them. This week, I experienced its power for myself. As you know, I attend a weekly Bible Study run by Luce Bell, John's wife. Strangely, although the ghost torments the rest of the family, it treats her with kindness. You will find this hard to believe, but during a break in our work, it showered her with fresh fruit! The incident was most distressing, so we closed our meeting by praying for this troublesome spirit to depart.

Yours affectionately,

Abigail

Evidence no: 11/4
Letter from a Bible Study member

Evidence no: 11/5
Nandor Fodor



WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

Many 19th-century ghost-hunters visited the Bell family, but none was able to prove that the hauntings were a hoax. One doctor suggested that Betsy was the true source of the ghost's voice. So when the spirit was speaking, he held his hands over the girl's mouth. But he could detect absolutely no movement.

In 1951 — 130 years after the murder — the psychologist Nandor Fodor investigated 'the Witch' once more. He suggested that Betsy had developed a split personality: part of her wanted to please her father, while the other part wanted to rebel. As she did not feel able to express her rebellious feelings, she spoke with the voice of 'the Witch' instead. But Fodor pointed out that he could not prove his theory. So the real truth about the Bell Witch will forever remain a mystery.

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 2

SQUIRE TOBY'S WILL

retold from the story by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu

Charles woke screaming from his dream. The lamp he kept lit by his bedside had gone out and he was too afraid to get up or look about the room. Suddenly, he felt two green eyes watching him from the darkness. The clock struck 12. He remembered the terrifying words, 'The 11th hour be passed... The time's nigh up.'

The next morning, Charles felt ill. The voice in his nightmare had told him to do something and he knew he would get no rest until he had done it.

"Cooper," he said, "do you know a room called Herod's Chamber?"

"Ay, sir. There was a tapestry on the walls that showed the story of King Herod. But

it's not been used since well before the time you were born."

"Is there a closet off it?"

"I can't remember," answered Cooper. "I've not been in it these 40 years."

"Go and get the key," said the Squire. "I don't want that dog in the gun room. Keep him out."

Cooper gasped. "You ought to have that dog put down, Master Charlie. You should've heard him last night, walking to and fro, growling like a tiger. It was terrible."

Charles, too, was beginning to look at the dog with a horrible suspicion. In fact, he began to consider getting rid of it that day, so that it could cause no more trouble.

Herod's Chamber lay at the end of a dusty corridor on the disused third storey. The tapestry from which it had taken its name had long ago been replaced by wallpaper. The closet, a small, private room right at the far end, was empty. The Squire seemed both relieved and disappointed.

"Is there any sort of a storage space?" asked the Squire.

"There was a cupboard somewhere here," replied Cooper, "but I think it was papered over." He rapped his knuckles along the wall. "There," he said, as a hollow sound returned.

The Squire tore roughly at the paper, revealing the door of a small cupboard.



However, it was locked and Cooper did not have the key. He vaguely remembered the old master locking the cupboard and ordering it to be covered with wallpaper.

Later, Charles returned alone to the room. He used a hunting knife to force open the door of the cupboard. In it was a bundle of letters, cancelled leases and a parchment deed, which he read with much agitation. This deed was more important than all the others. It made it clear that Scroope, as eldest son, was the rightful owner of Gylingden Hall and all its lands. What was more, if the document ever came to light, Scroope would have the right to every penny of rent Charles had received since their father's death.

Charles's mind raced. Should he destroy the deed or not? It was then that he heard sniffing and scratching at the closet door, then a low growl. Summoning his courage, he threw open the door to discover the dog, panting and wriggling with joy at his feet.

The Squire's sense of loathing melted away and he wondered why he had ever found the poor beast so repugnant. Oddly,

the sight of it was now reassuring. It was, in Charles's eyes, so attached to him, so good-natured and so obviously only a dog.

Towards sunset, the Squire went out for a walk, pondering as he went whether to save the deed for his brother after his own death, or to destroy it. He was just leaning toward the former course of action when he heard a long, low growl off to one side in the undergrowth. The growl grew fiercer and more threatening. Charles stepped off the path and peered over a natural barrier of fallen trees, just in time to see the ugly dog straining up towards him on the other side. It was hideously stretched out, its head twice its natural size. The nightmare had returned. Now the beast was thrusting its vast head between the trunks of two trees, its neck straining and its body twining like a huge lizard.

Gnashing its teeth and twisting through the tree trunks, the dog growled and glared loudly as if it would devour him.

The Squire hurried towards the house as swiftly as his legs would carry him. However, as he reached the front door and the dog caught up with him, it seemed once again friendly, and no longer the beast that haunted his dreams. Charles felt in his breast pocket. The deed was safe.

That night, Charles sent for the game-keeper to tell him the dog was mad and must be shot. They could hear it in the gun room, growling and jumping at the door.

"Be careful," said Charles. "Slip in edge-ways and give him both barrels."

"Not the first mad dog I've killed, sir," said the keeper, cocking his gun.

When it was done, Charles had the dog's body put outside the gate. "Old Cooper says it's a witch," he explained, "so it shan't lie in Gylingden Hall."

For the next week, the Squire slept much better than he ever had before.

When we resolve to do good, we should act on that decision at once. Otherwise, the intention will be lost in our natural tendency toward evil. And so it was with Charles Marston. Though he at one time decided to do the right thing by his brother, determination soon gave way to compromise. Then came more news of Scroope's attacks on him and renewed vows to see him hang for what he had done. Gradually, through fear and guilt, Charles came to the decision that he must destroy the deed. After he had done so, there was great relief that the thing which could ruin him was gone. But there was also an even greater sense of guilt.

That night, Charles was awakened by a violent shaking of his bed. He opened his eyes to see two dark figures at its foot.

"Forewarned, wi' your eyes open, ye did it," said one. "Now Scroope'll hang you."

It was the old Squire. He turned to show his face, torn with shot and bloody, growing every moment more like a dog. Both figures began to scale the bed. There was dreadful confusion and uproar, loud gabbling and laughing. With a scream, Charles woke and found himself standing on the floor. The phantoms were gone.

The next morning, at breakfast, Charles told Cooper about his terrifying dream then added, thoughtfully, "I shouldn't wonder if Scroope was dead."

Old Cooper listened wide-eyed with fear. He felt sure that Scroope would cause even more trouble – and he was quickly proved right. News soon came that, far from being dead, Scroope had been very active.

He was now saying that he had found new evidence to prove his claim and intended to bring another case against his younger brother. He even repeated his evil vow to see 'the cheat hang at last'.

In the midst of preparations for the case, however, Scroope died suddenly of a heart attack. What's more, he died without a will, making his brother sole heir. Charles was relieved and overjoyed.

But the grudge Charles felt against his brother still remained. If he had had his way, Scroope would not have been buried at Gylingden Hall. However, he feared the awful scandal that turning the funeral procession back from the house would

cause. Instead, he forbade his staff and servants to attend his brother's funeral. Anyone who dared to do so, he declared, would be dismissed immediately.

WORD POWER

deed – a legal document, often relating to ownership of property

repugnant – revolting; disgusting

barrels – the tubes of a gun

shot – small pellets shot from a gun

adamant – determined; definite

Cooper was angry, feeling that there should be some sign of respect for Scroope from Gylingden Hall. He asked the Squire if he could at least put out refreshments, just in case any mourners came to the house. But Charles was adamant. Any mourner should be turned away. Cooper argued and pleaded. But the Squire stormed angrily out of the house as the funeral procession was approaching.

Cooper went out to the front gate to see what he could of the funeral. When it was over and the coaches began to drive away, he started back towards the open front door. As he approached the house, a mourning coach drove up and two men in black cloaks got out and went inside.

When Cooper reached the steps, the coach was gone, and the two men were nowhere to be seen. A servant said he had noticed two gentlemen in black going up the stairs. Neither of them had removed his hat or spoken to anyone. Cooper went looking for the men to ask them who they were and what they wanted. But he never found them. And from that hour onward, Gylingden Hall was greatly troubled.

SEVEN HAUNTED CASTLE PUZZLES

FANTASTIC FACTS

If you wanted to protect your castle or home from ghosts and spooks in the olden days, you'd plant a hawthorn tree nearby. This was also said to prevent lightning from striking your home!

3	10	13	8
5			2
12			15
14	7	4	9

GRAPPLING GHOULS

Every year, a ghostly battle is re-enacted on the battlements of Castle Bloodnosh. The skeletal soldiers throw their grappling hooks over the crenellations and clamber up the castle walls. Unriddle the ropes to discover which of the six ghouls is using which hook.

PAST SHOTS

Arrows from long-ago battles still litter the cobwebbed corners of Castle Bloodnosh. How many of them can you spot?

GRUESOME GRID

Hidden in the grid below are 42 things that you might see or hear in an ancient, haunted castle. The words may appear forwards, backwards, up, down or diagonally. Cross each word off on the list and on the grid as you find it. When you've found them all, read off the 'spare' 16 letters from left to right, top to bottom, to spell out the name of something deeply unpleasant.

T	O	R	T	U	R	E	C	H	A	M	B	E	R	D	S
A	F	C	A	S	C	R	E	A	M	K	E	F	E	P	G
R	T	O	C	G	O	R	E	R	D	R	A	L	O	T	B
E	I	B	A	N	Q	U	E	I	A	W	T	H	A	L	L
I	W	R	O	P	F	O	I	L	I	N	A	S	E	S	D
O	S	Y	R	P	U	A	O	E	R	B	E	C	P	I	R
F	O	B	O	R	T	R	E	I	M	T	A	E	L	S	B
N	B	O	R	T	R	E	I	M	T	A	E	L	S	B	A
P	S	M	A	S	L	G	O	G	S	L	A	R	A	C	A
I	O	A	K	A	N	F	S	A	H	D	L	S	A	A	D
D	R	S	R	A	L	F	E	G	C	G	N	A	R	A	O
F	C	D	H	D	R	A	Y	F	V	A	R	G	R	M	O
R	E	P	E	F	K	E	T	A	G	C	S	E	D	H	R

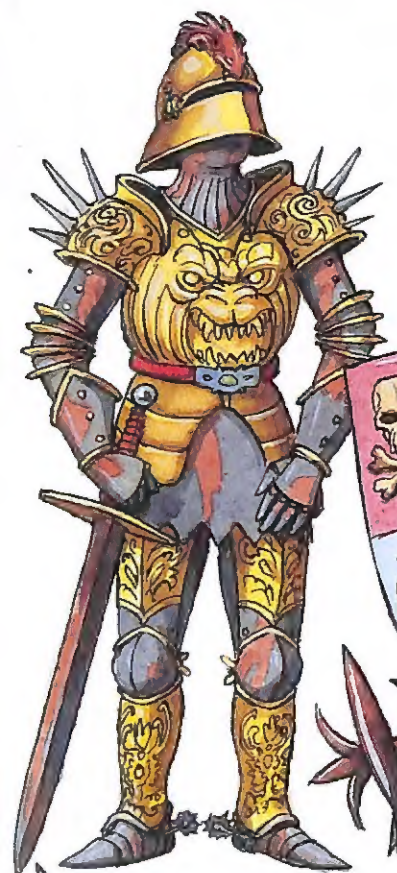
MAGIC SQUARE

The magic square above must be re-carved because four numbers have eroded away. Where should the stonemason carve the missing numbers 1, 6, 11 and 16 so that each row of four numbers totals 34 if added across, down or diagonally?

FREAKY FACTS

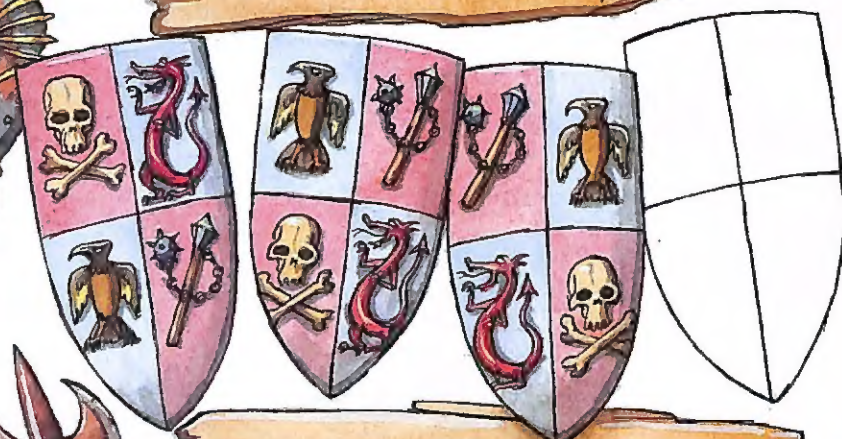
There are over 50 castles and large houses in the UK which are said to be haunted by at least one, sometimes many ghosts!

- | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|-------------|-----------|---------|--------|--------|------|
| TORTURE CHAMBER | GATEKEEPER | TRAPDOOR | PASSAGE | MOAT | RACK | MACE |
| BANQUETING HALL | CROSSBOW | GRAVEYARD | TURRET | WALL | GAOL | KEEP |
| FOUR-POSTER BED | WINE CELLAR | SKELETON | GAOLIER | SCREAM | LARDER | DUST |
| CRENELLATIONS | CANNON | PHANTOM | TOWER | SPIDER | GORE | BUGS |
| DRAWBRIDGE | MANACLES | ARMOURY | BLOOD | MOUSE | GHOST | BELL |
| CANDELABRA | ARROWS | ATTICS | CRYPT | ROPES | GUARD | RATS |



DOUBLE TROUBLE

A suit of armour was made for each of the brutal twin brothers of the Bloodnost family. They were meant to be the same, but there are 9 slight differences between them. Can you spot them all?



BEASTLY SHIELDS

The Bloodnost dynasty's shields always showed spooky heraldic beasts in a very logical order. The family died out before an heir was born – but can you say what the unfinished shield would have shown?



WORDWEB

Use the clues below to help you fill in eight 5-letter words which all start with the letter 'S'. The last letter of each word, read out in order from 1 to 8, spell out an 8-letter word describing a beheaded person!

FASCINATING FACTS

Farnham in Surrey is said to be Britain's most haunted town. Not only is the castle haunted but so is the church, the malthouse, the theatre, a hotel and a farm. It also has a ghost train, a ghost army, haunted pubs and even phantom-infested parks!

ANSWERS

GRUESOME GRID: See grid on right. The leftover letters spell:
DECOMPOSING FLESH.
MAGIC SQUARE: 16 11
PAST SHOTS: there are 26 hidden arrows.
GRAPPLING GHOULS: 1A 2C 3F 4D 5D 6E
BEASTLY SHIELDS: top left/dragon; top right/skull; bottom left/necrose; bottom right/skull.
DOUBLE TROUBLE: visor, shoulder, elbow, neck, upper arm rivets, belt buckle, shin, pattern, thigh pattern, helmet plume.
WORD WEB: 1 slash, 2 stroke, 3 scuba, 4 sword, 5 skull, 6 slime, 7 steps, 8 scars. Last letters spell 'headless'.

CLUES

- 1 quick cut with a knife
- 2 a wooden one kills vampires
- 3 a breathing device used by skin-divers
- 4 long, sharp metal weapon
- 5 skeletal head
- 6 a snail leaves a trail of this
- 7 castle stairs have many
- 8 old wounds may leave these

POLTERGEISTS

Poltergeists are the cheeky, mischievous phantoms of the supernatural world. Their name comes from the German, meaning noisy spirit. You can't see them, but there is plenty of physical activity to let you know they are around.

STRANGE NOISES?

Flying objects, rappings on walls, puddles of water and exploding light bulbs and eggs – all of these are common events described by victims of poltergeist attacks. Although plates flying around the kitchen can put you off your supper, these attacks are not usually dangerous.

For many years people believed that these activities were linked to a disgruntled supernatural spirit. However, psychic researchers today are more likely to connect the trouble with an individual living in the home, especially a teenage girl, who is emotionally troubled.



▲ EMOTIONAL TARGET

A young woman, deeply upset by the death of her husband, becomes a victim of poltergeist activity.

LIGHTS ON!

A typical case was a family in Ohio, America, whose lights kept coming on in their house for no apparent reason. An electrician was called in, but even as he worked on the wiring, the lights were turning themselves on of their own accord. Lamps and rugs began to fly, eggs smashed themselves and the shower turned itself on. At one point, a telephone kept flinging itself across the room, however many times it was replaced.

Reporters flocked to the house. The activity only seemed to occur when the 14-year-old daughter, Tina, was actually in the house.

Tina may have created a few disturbances to satisfy the media, but it is unlikely she was responsible for all the strange events. Just like most poltergeist activity, it stopped as suddenly as it had started.



◀ TRASHED!

This was the result of poltergeist vandalism – the pan handle later straightened itself!

► MUM HITS THE ROOF

In the film 'Poltergeist', a mother is forced up to the ceiling by supernatural forces released from a local cemetery by her young daughter.

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY

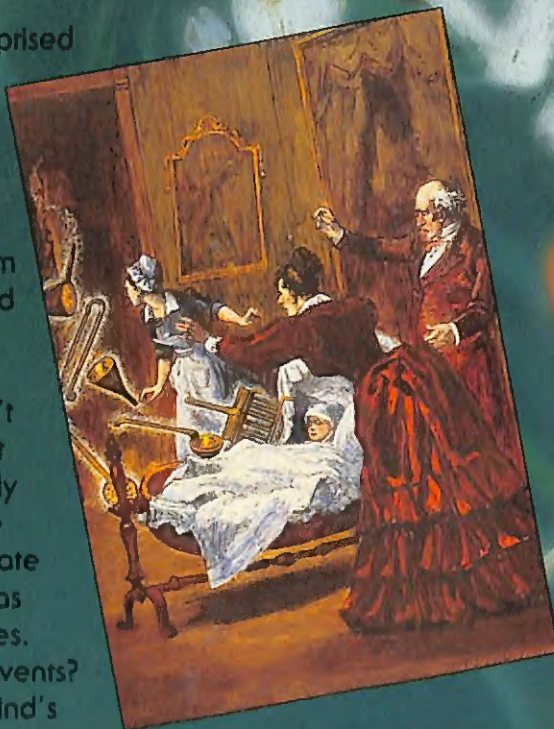
Psychic researchers believe that if the tremendous energy of a teenager or young woman is stored up, it may finally explode in an outburst of psychic energy. But the person involved is not aware that they are causing these events and they can't control them.

ALL IN THE MIND

In 1972, poltergeist activities surprised a group of people in Toronto, Canada, who had decided to create a ghost. They wanted to see if a ghost could be made to appear just because people believed it would. They gave him a name, Phillip, and a history and then they met regularly to try to make the ghost materialise.

Try as they might, they couldn't make the ghost visible, but what actually did happen was seriously weird. Although he could not be seen, Phillip began to communicate through poltergeist activity such as rapping noises and floating tables. What was it that caused these events? Could it be psychokinesis, the mind's ability to move objects?

Does the Toronto experiment prove that poltergeist activity is actually caused by someone really believing that a supernatural event is happening? We cannot be sure. The only thing we can be sure about is: be careful! If you really want something to happen, it just might!



▲ CRADLE CRASH

Poltergeist activity alarms the adults of a Victorian household – although the baby sleeps peacefully.

▼ SINGING UP A STORM

Poltergeist activity began as soon as the Toronto group started to relax.

